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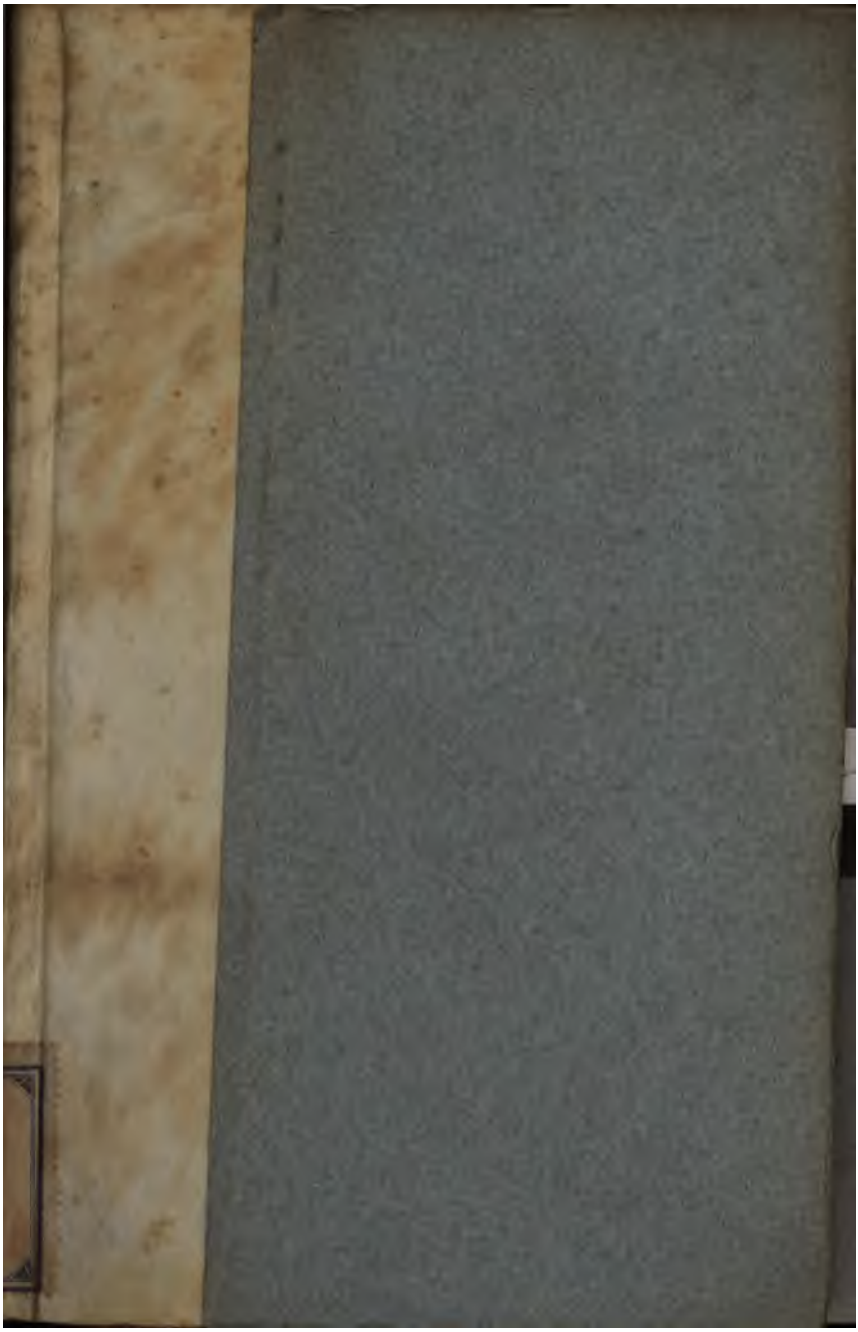

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THE

PROGRESS OF GLORY,

IN

THE LIFE

OF

HORATIO LORD NELSON,

OF THE NILE.

PALMAM QUI MERIUT FERAT.

The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

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TO THE

NAVY AND ARMY

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

Ye Sons of Britain! Heaven's favoured Care.—

TO you—ye Sons of Britain,—ye brave Defenders of your Country's Cause; ye, who at Home bear faithful Watch upon her tenderest Interests; And ye, who dare more greatly, meeting but to overcome, the base, perfidious Foe; ye, who go forth on the wild Waves, and are yourselves the Shield and Bulwark of the Land; ye, who have shared the Glories—who have shared the Dangers, and perhaps have envied, the last bright Blaze

which, like a Meteor past, and He, we mourn, was gone,—to you, I turn, as the Warriors and Worthies of the British Nation—to you, present, though with a Sense of all its Imperfections on its Head, the little tributary Work, to which this Dedication is prefixed. The Brave are ever generous; the British Heroes, and the British Critics will be generous, when they are assured, this Essay is the first Effort of the Author's Pen, which ever waited on a Public Pleasure; when they know, the Heart has inly mourned, and the Eye its plenteous Current shed over the imaged Tomb, to virtuous Glory consecrate.

Remote, in Distance—in Retirement; far from the great and busy Scene, where proudest Pomp, with royal Favour, opened all the Flood Gates of a Nation's Gratitude, and exhausted every Source and Spring of ostentatious Pride of Woe;—far remote, this native Tribute flows, spontaneous, from

the secret Hour of Sorrow and of Sentiment, and weaves the mingled Crown of Palms and Cypress, Fame, proclaims the Hero good as great.

Glory! my Friends, we may proudly boast, is of the native growth of Britain's Shores; and Generosity, her free and candid Sister, follows eager on her Steps: but, Glory sometimes dazzles to destroy, and Greatness sometimes quells the generous Fervour of the Soul! To bear the Honours of our Fortunes meekly, and to hold Religion to the Heart, are Virtues of a rarer Nature. Be all the nobler Virtues finely tempered; Englishmen, your Portion!—Be Virtuous! Be Victorious! and though the Will of Heaven has scourged the Nations with an Usurpers Crimes! still, if the British People will arrest the Tide of Vice and Infidelity, with a timely Hand, the God of Justice will be merciful, and will defend the righteous Cause:—Heaven has fought for Britain!—Fear not then! for Heaven

will fight on Britain's side, if Britain will be Virtuous.

To you, who are Co-Heirs—to you, who emulate a NELSON's Fame! let me submit the first Fruits of an enthusiastic, though inexperienced Pen; and while I pray Protection for this Effort, let me assume the Voice of Angels, while I call to wake—to rise—to rally round the Standard of Victory!—to avenge the Hero lost; by each becoming in himself, an equal Hero! and all united, and invincible! protect the Glories of our KING! our CONSTITUTION! and our RELIGION!

Still may each valiant Hand new Laurels twine
Around the Crown, whose Title is divine.

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE PUBLIC.

To those whose Productions dare a public View, many requisites are indispensable; but where an unpractised Pen, dipt in the warm tints of quick Enthusiasm, deprecates a critic Judgement, Critics will not be severe; they will not judge severely what could never stand before them, and what is of too little consequence to attract censure. A Lover of the Nation, and of the Nation's Glory; fond of those Names which form the sparkling Jewels of the British Crown; and proud of that resplendent Gem, so lately shorn from the Diadem, and translated to the Skies, the Author of this following little Work, has felt the force of British Virtue, when opposed to more than punic Perfidy.

While on one page, the Virtues of the British Hero smile; on the other, are pourtrayed, imper-

fectly, the Corsican's Enormities; the British Heart will glow—will triumph,—and would hold the Mirror up to mental Beauty, and Deformity, that while applauding Men and Angels yield the glorious Palm to Virtue, Vice, self-convicted, may retire in secret Shame, and feel her Vileness.

The Author is conscious the Digressions from the given subject of the Poem may be censurable, but is willing to commit the Rod to the Generosity of the Public.

THE AUTHOR.

THE

PROGRESS OF GLORY, &c.

CANTO I.

Ye sons of Britain, Heaven's favour'd care,
Ye sons of Britain, blush not at the tear;
The tear of sympathy, the heart-drawn sigh,
Bind human to divine, and earth to sky.

I SING while smiling glory yet was young,
And valour's youth with hardy nerve new strung,
Elastic strove amid the sportive strife,
And while it seem'd to threaten, cherish'd life.

*And first in tender youth, with thirst of fame,
Mid floating ice, the fell-fang'd bear to tame,
His ardent bosom glow'd with fond desire
To glad with early ſpoils, a partial sire;
Like a young Hercules, in youth's warm life,
He bore the trophies of th'unequal strife;
† In untry'd age to dare the dang'rous post,
And scatter death amid an hoſtile host;
Mid waves, and winds, and fire, unmov'd to stand,
And snatch young laurels from an adverse hand;
If such the beams which lighted up the morn,
Then say what rays the noon-tide day adorn!

* Alluding to the circumstance of the young hero's being absent all night from the ship of Capt. LUTWIDGE, on his voyage to the North Pole, and the interesting reply made by the young NELSON, who was then only thirteen years old. See his Life.

† On board the Lowestoffe, Capt. LOCKER, when the first Lieutenant returned from an unsuccessful attempt to board an American Letter of Marque, the young NELSON *rushed forward to the post of* danger, with spirit above his years. See his Life.

Rays of bright glory ſhew the hero's fame,
But mild-ey'd mercy chastens all the flame,
Temper'd with mercy, Heav'n avows the name.

With noblest thirst of self-approving soul,
The hero dar'd, where wildest billows roll;
He rode, he rul'd, he conquer'd o'er the wave,
Yet still he sigh'd to spare, and sought to save;
Still with the tend'rest charities inform'd,
With all the christian's glowing prospects warm'd;
Bold to pursue the wond'rous work of doom,
He snatch'd new laurels from the baffled tomb;
Serene amidst a life to dangers given,
He urg'd the arduous duties mark'd by heav'n.
Tho' baffling death, he yields to death a part,
The hero still confest throughout the heart;
Wounded the soul of suffering greatness smiles,
And sorrowing nature's saddest sigh beguiles.
His were the trophies of the groaning woods,
And his the triumphs over subject floods.

As a wide forest in portentous pride,
Frowns in vast majesty upon the tide ;
Now rais'd to heav'n, now bending to the deep,
Spreads o'er the waves a wide resistless sweep :
So rose, so spread, the sails to conquest drest,
And vict'ry follow'd on high heaven's behest.
Gen'rous as day, the British Chief's warm soul,
O'er the dread horrors of the battle stole ;
Mellow as eve, the Chief's benignant smile,
Still sought the conquer'd spirit to beguile ;
He felt as man, and knew what man might prove,
And victor o'er their arms, he won their love.
Still urg'd by fate, by glory still to rise,
Till conquest, led by conquest, climb the skies ;
Still urg'd by loyal love to dare his fate,
His name adorn'd, his virtues consecrate ;
While resignation, with aspiring eye,
Told how he hop'd to live, nor fear'd to die,

Oh Calvi!* thou canst tell how Britain lost
One star of guidance on thy fatal coast;
One orb extinct, the light of life deny'd,
Yet the full soul, the light of life supply'd.
Thou Teneriffe† hast echo'd to th' alarm,
When the dread aim was fated to disarm;
But in the British Chief's superior soul,
Superior virtues suff'ring sense controul:
Sublime amid a wreck of self he strove,
Smiling on pain, and heal'd with Britain's love.
‡As when in former France, the nation's pride,
The noblest Conde ſpread his glory wide,

* In 1794, at Calvi, the Hero lost his right eye by the effect of a shot from the batteries.

† In 1797, at Teneriffe, the Hero lost his right arm by a cannon ball.

‡ At the battle of Jarnac, the great Conde, who was leader of the Hugunot, or Protestant Party, fought with unexampled courage, having one arm wounded, and one leg shattered. Previous to the charge, he thus addressed his followers:
"Nobility of France, The Prince of Conde, with one arm in a scarf, and one leg broke, fears not to give battle since you attend him." The fate of that illustrious

Shatter'd one greater limb, one arm supine,
Yet still he strove, in fight with fame divine;
Superior still, like him the Briton stood,
And mid his suff'rings, triumph'd o'er the flood.
And now the gallant sufferer's pains to guile,
And sooth him with a grateful country's smile,
To press the tender cheek of kindred love,
And ev'ry softest sentiment improve;—
He bends the prow, and sets the willing sails,
While o'er hope's wings the fairest breeze prevails;

but unfortunate Prince, murdered by the hand of Montesquiou, though unarmed and unhorsed, is well known. Voltaire, in his Henriade, gives the melancholy account, as from Henry IV. of France and Navarre, to our Queen Elizabeth. This Poem is so highly and deservedly admired, that it would be needless to apologize for introducing a few lines:

"O! Plaines de Jarnac! O! coup trop inhumain
"Barbare Montesquiou, moins guerrier qu'assassin,
"Conde deja mourant tomba sous ta furie;
"J'ai vu porter le coup j'ai vu trancher sa vie
"Helas! trop jeune encore, mon bras, mon foible bras
"Ne put ni prevenir ni venger son trepas."

The parallel between those two great men, holds no farther than in the circumstance of our noble NELSON's having so bravely fought, though despoiled of an arm and an eye: *He, thank God, lived to obtain* many glorious conquests after he had sustained the loss.

The vessel nears, the Hero hails the shore,
The boat's let down, the people ply the oar;
A nation's love betrays to wild alarms,
A nation melts in sympathy's soft charms.
Now sinks th' exulting voice, now dim'd the eyes,
A nation's glory's mingled with her sighs;
While honour boasts the wounds her wreaths enclose,
The hard fought fight, and the dread stroke of foes:
Not for the wounded chief alone are shed
Those tears which ever consecrate the dead;
The nation weeps through each remote estate,
Proudly she mourns her sons, and weeps their fate.
When to domestic hope his heart return'd,
Where the fair flame of deathless friendship burn'd,
The long lov'd scenes perfection'd to his scan,
Conceal'd the hero, but endear'd the man.
Plac'd in th'embrace of soft assiduous care,
Where each, with each, the envied labours share;

Heal'd are the wounds which glory shadow'd o'er,
And ev'ry irksome pain is felt no more. *
And now restor'd, the Hero seeks the groves,
Wanders with nature, mid the scenes he loves,
Smiles on the energy of rustic's praise,
And while they bless, the blessing he repays;
While peace, with conscious virtue on his breast,
Pour the full balm of heaven's composing rest:
So great, so high, th' unconquer'd Hero stood,
So great, so high, so eminently good;
Victorious kingdoms rested on his life,
And rescued nations bless'd the gen'rous strife.
Let faithful mem'ry ring her grateful peal,
In sacred harmonies of Britain's weal;
Let mem'ry live within a nation's breast,
E'en on the throne, let cherish'd mem'ry rest;

* In the embraces of his family and friends, the great NELSON forgot his *wounds; but it was not till* five months after, that he was pronounced recovered.

Still faithful mem'ry with immortal chimes,
Shall tell to distant worlds, and distant times,
The deeds of glory done mid hostile climes.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

THE

PROGRESS OF GLORY, &c.

CANTO II.

Lov'd by the scepter'd line of Britain's isle,
And born where sacred freedom's beauties smile;
Where her white cliffs, embattled o'er the tide,
In heav'ns fair bulwarks, prove the nation's pride;
And her bold sons, unrivall'd o'er the waves,
Proclaim, that Britons never will be slaves,
The Hero shone, and tho' despoil'd by fight,
Burst like a noble ruin on the sight.

And when the gracious Sov'reign's tender care,
Forbade the wounded Hero still to dare; *
As some tall oak of Britain's native woods,
Reft of one limb, still threatens o'er the floods,
His soul rose greater from the wreck of life,
And e'en life ceas'd, ere he had ceas'd the strife.

Again the dauntless Hero dares the waves,
Again he conquers, and again he saves!
Still in his soul, soft sympathies arise,
And e'en the Hero heaves soft nature's sighs:
Dear to his heart the pensive parting tear,
And tho' forbade his eye, the tribute's dear.

* His Majesty having confered the title of Baronet on the brave NELSON, about this time, and also granted him a pension of 1000l. a year, in recompence of his great services, and many wounds, Sir H. NELSON waited on His Majesty after the recovery of his wound, when his gracious Sovereign lamented, that so many wounds must deprive the King and Country of his services, Sir H. NELSON warmly replied, "May it please your Majesty, I cannot consider that a loss which has been occasioned by the performance of my duty, and while I have a limb left, I will combat for my King and Country."

But now new dangers thicken into glooms,
Surcharg'd with death, and point to wat'ry tombs:
Mild were the bed of waves, the wat'ry shrine,
Were conquer'd heroes drink the turgid brine;
Where Neptune rolls his waters o'er their head,
And Thetis weeps o'er crowds of victims dead.
For now the torch of fierce consuming war,
Is hurl'd more fierce from Britain's naval car;
New deaths in ev'ry form, on ev'ry side,
Burst on the soul, and spread destruction wide;
While dreadful thund'rings echo'd to the skies,
And horrid crash of shatter'd enemies,
Proclaim, that Britain with a glorious hand,
Redeems the glories of a foreign land,
And Egypt's homage decks Aboukir's strand.*

* The gratitude and admiration of the Egyptians, and even the Arabs, were loudly evinced; and the acknowledgements of the Grand Seignor, and his presents of the *Cheleek* Plume, Pelice, &c. gave evidence of NELSON's fame. After this battle, *His Majesty created him Lord* NELSON of the Nile.

Oh Nile! thou wond'rous source of native good,
Whose daughters threefold tributes feed the flood;
Who, from their silver urns supply the tide,
While hoary ocean meets in each a bride;—
Thou Nile! whose secret caverns sounding loud,
With circling echo's rous'd thy still abode;—
Thou Nile! resoundst the hundred tongues of fame,
And with her hundred mouths the deeds proclaim;
Britannia's arms the caves of Nile resound,
Britannia's chief resounding hills rebound,
Thou Osiris! great sire of Egypt's line,
Thou Isis! spouse and sister of his shrine,
Proclaim, a people freed by Britain's hand,
Freed is your Nile, from an usurping band,
And from impostor crime, your ancient land.
Now shore to shore, repeat the grateful lays,
While fam'd Egyptia pours the Hero's praise;

And while the conscious bosom inly burns,
The swelling Pæans answ'ring heav'n returns.
Now bends the muse, but with averted eyes,
To where the Corsican, mid nature's cries,
Tramples her rights, in wild career alone,
He triumphs o'er the weak, the murder'd groan.*
And still the muse, unwilling turns to see
Unblushing falseness, foulest treachery;
The faith of nations, and of heav'n revil'd,
And all the hero in the man defil'd.
But lo! behold the muse with grief opprest,
Hangs her fair head upon her beauteous breast;
Now blush on blush, o'erspread her heav'nly face,
Now tear by tear, their gentle current trace.
And now offended heav'ns indignant eye,
Flames in her glance, and threatens from high,

* *Bonaparte* ordered two thousand Turkish prisoners of war to be murdered, in *cool blood.*

Perfidious falseness wounds the human soul,
And blood-stain'd murder fills the guilty bowl! *
A fall'n apostate! meets eternal shame,
And nations suff'rings settle on his name.

When Acre's turrets, look'd o'er heaps of dead,
And menac'd death, mid death's dread bosom bred,
A herald sought the post of British fame, †
And ask'd a truce, in piety's fair name.
A truce from fight, the noble dead to shroud,
A truce! their gen'rous foe re-echo'd loud.
The truce obtain'd, in the fair face of heav'n,
The charge of base, deceitful war is given;

* The Corsican tyrant had five hundred of his brave and wounded soldiers poisoned in the Hospitals.

† When the brave Sir SIDNEY SMITH commanded in Acre, the Corsican sent an Herald with an Arab Dervice to ask a truce, for the purpose of burying the dead of his army, whose bodies were piled up in the trenches of Acre, and whose putrid exhalations had already become fatal. The truce was readily granted, but ere the Dervice had time to quit the town, the perfidious Corsican gave the charge for assault. The French were repulsed with great slaughter.

Blush, blush, the muse! in sign of human crime,
Blush ev'ry virtuous soul, in ev'ry clime!
But thou!* whoe'er thou art, whose noble soul,
Started indignant from the death frought bowl!
Whoe'er thou art, tho' still untold thy name,
Still shall thy virtues live with deathless fame,
Oppos'd in light, to darkest shades of shame.

Now weeps the muse! for now with basest art,
The basest villain! rules a villain heart;
Points to the wounds, which bled to gild his fame,
And whisp'ring, mutters o'er the deed of shame.
Whispers are mandates, to enslave mankind,
Where crimes, with grasp fraterne embrace the mind;
The slavish minister of tyrant breath,
Gives to confiding bosoms secret death,

* The name here alluded to, has been supposed to be Desgonnettey, the honourable name of him who refused to poison the wounded soldiers; but a villain was found *to do the deed of shame.*

And while the helpless sufferers trust his art,
His hand directs the poison to their heart.

And now the muse, in heaven's offended name,
Strives with the strugglings of religious shame;
She glows, she thrills, she trembles in her verse,
Nor dares prophane impieties rehearse.
He who could yield his cross for crescent spoils,*
Would yield the crescent for the pagan wiles,
And barter angels hope for demons guiles.
Silent the muse, the clouds which thicken o'er,
Shroud from her eyes, and she beholds no more:
Sicken'd and sad, she seeks the British fame,
And mid a nation's glory feeds her flame.
Now graceful virtue on the Hero's soul,
Sheds the mild majesty of heaven's controul;

* Alluding to Bonaparte's becoming Mahometan.

And while the nation pours th' applauding lays,
The pious NELSON yields to Heaven the praise.
But soon the voice of suff'ring o'er the wave,
Borne on the breeze, and answer'd by the brave;
Calls forth the Hero from his well-earn'd ease,
To shield Sicilia, and to dare her seas.*
Messina! thou mid former ages fam'd,
By sons of ocean long with trembling nam'd;
Where equal dangers, equal deaths disclose,
Guarding a nation from her foreign foes;
Thou canst declare the British Hero's sway,
He taught thy waves the lesson, to obey:
For while he rode the guardian of the shore,
The dogs of Scllya hush'd! Charybdis ceas'd to roar!
Floating aloft, the British flag elate,
Wav'd like the christian banner consecrate,

* *When Lord* NELSON *sailed to succour their Sicilian Majesties, the King and Queen of Naples, and to defend them from the threatenings of the French.*

While virtue rallied round th' anointed throne,*
And gather'd, mid the bays, a ducal crown.
Now glory's brightest triumph waits the chief,
And Princes hail in him their best relief;
While bright-ey'd beauty, trembling in her tears,
Smiles on the Hero who has chas'd her fears;†
And with the charm which royal favours breathe,
Adds grateful odours to the laurel wreath.

But can the muse describe the dreadful hour,
When ev'ry virtue felt usurping pow'r; ‡
When infancy and age together clung,
And the sad matron o'er her daughters hung;
When wedded love, with more than double pain,
Suffer'd each pang, and felt them o'er again:

* The Dukedom of Bronte was conferred on Lord NELSON by His Sicilian Majesty.

† The Queen of Naples, Sister to the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, and Daughter to the great Maria Theressa.

‡ How many Kingdoms and States have felt all the sad varieties of woe, from French Rebellion, Anarchy, and Ambition.

While death and life the struggling bosom move,
And more than agony is mix'd with love.
Ah! who can tell the quick convuls'd embrace,
When life and death, alternate mark the face;
When tantalizing hope, with torturing fear,
Convulse the smile, and agitate the tear,
While quick transitions struggling on the soul,
With hope, and fear, and agony, controul;
Ah! who can tell, how sweet the hope of life,
How sad the fear of death, and sore the strife.
But where those powers to horror consecrate,
Can the full wreck of sov'reign life relate;*
What powers can paint the pangs of royal woe,
For faint the painted pageantry of show;

* The Bourbon line have felt whatever life and death could feel, and have drank the cup of sorrow to its last and bitterest dregs: language fails to describe the accumulation of their misery. The rage of their fortune poured from every side upon them, while illiberal insult, and cruel malice, the basest reptiles of the state, applied the scorpion lash of torment to their souls.

Or the deep energies of purer soul,
Which soar sublime, or deep mid nature roll.
For tho' the child of humblest nature feels,
Oft her proud favourites, find her whips and wheels;
And tho' to fortune's summit man may climb,
To fall is mortal, but to rise, sublime.
When anarchy embrac'd contiguous states,
And royal life was mix'd with vulgar fates;
When sacred heads, denied an honour'd shroud,
Were cast unhonour'd, mid the putrid croud;*
When all the flatter'd beauty of the land,†
Humbled in dust, obey'd the vile command;
When curs'd and cruel hate, and murd'rous rage,
Spar'd not the tend'rest youth, nor feeblest age;

* It is well known that the body of Lewis the XVI. was thrown, with quick lime, into a hole amongst the murdered croud. The last moments of that Monarch were glorious to both Kings and Christians.

† Amid all the sufferings of the supremely unfortunate Maria Antoinette, she was obliged to submit to the insolent presence of a ruffian municipal officer, day and night, in her prison chamber.

And when the sacred rank of christian name*
Was doom'd to surer death, and swifter flame;
When infant villains† stain'd with infant life,
Burst nature's ties, and mock'd at nature's strife;
When groan'd the nation, when the monarch bled,
The British throne, a gen'rous influence shed.
For Britain's pride, with sympathy's combin'd,
And while she dares, she cherishes mankind:
The British bosom melts at foreign pains,
And pities when a land of foes complains.
Fir'd with a strangers wrongs, she boldly strives,
To shelter kingdoms with a waste of lives;
While deep embrac'd within her pious breast,
Foster'd the serpent lay,‡ which robb'd her rest;

* Many of the unhappy ecclesiastics of France were forced into the fire with pikes, or crouded into ships, with holes bored in the hulls.

† The children—yes, the children of the Democrats were known to kill the children of the Royalists, their fellow-children. Oh! nature, tender nurse of infant life! thou hast fled the Gallic breast.

‡ Too many of the emigrants, who were nobly and indeed piously received, and *cherished by Great Britain* (received through the love of Christ, and the charities of

But heaven in pity to the gen'rous land,
Scatter'd the treason with a mighty hand;
And nature blush'd in deepest colour'd dyes
When forfeit Gallia spurn'd at human ties.
But virtue yet with sacred claims imprest,
Shall warm each heart, and breathe on every breast;
Give back to life, a nation's life of love,
And touch the springs, the better passions prove;
The patriot flame, the martial flame of arms,
The parent tenderness, the blushing charms;
All the fine feelings of the finer soul,
Which proudly soar on high, or gently roll:
The softest virtues, and the maiden grace,
The wedded honours, and the chaste embrace.
For mourning virtue on each varied stage,
Has shrunk beneath the despots of the age;

his religion) were known to carry on intrigues with their own nation, and to disseminate *their dangerous* and destructive principles both in England and Ireland.

While outrag'd nature o'er the ruin wept,
And almost murmur'd why heaven's thunder slept.
Restor'd the ancient throne from lawless shame;*
Restor'd the virtues of the royal name;
A name thro' heaven's refining furnace prov'd,
And tho' sore chasten'd, yet by heaven lov'd:
While all above, below, around, imprest,
Shall bear the joyful image on their breast;
And the dear gifts, restor'd by Britain's hand,
Shall burst in brightness o'er the wond'ring land.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

* *A prophecy of the anxious muse, who, while life lives to hope, will fondly hope that Britain may fulfil the great accomplishment.*

THE

PROGRESS OF GLORY, &c.

CANTO III.

BUT now far other climes, and distant day,
Call forth the Hero, on his venturous way,
To where the hapless sister of the throne,*
Tasted the bitter sorrows of a crown;
To Denmark's shores, are spread th' exulting sails,
And soon th' expected coast the Hero hails.

* *Caroline Matilda*, the amiable but unfortunate Queen of Denmark.

How thrill'd the soul, how swell'd the struggling breast,
While force to force, with furious fight addrest,
Gave to the varied combat, hope and fear,
Now rising bright, now sinking in despair.
But soon the British Chief corrects the war,
And shouts of rescued sufferers sound from far;
The wounded, and the dying, bless the strife,
When mercy spar'd the noble ebb of life;*
The sons of Denmark, emulate the pride
Of Britain's sons, and war's alarms subside.
Britannia's favour'd name ascends the skies,
And her lov'd Hero, greets a nation's eyes;
A candid nation, with one warm embrace,
Spake glorious truths, which time can ne'er deface.

* When the noble NELSON discovered that hundreds of the wounded Danes were bleeding to death from mere want of surgical assistance, (the Danes not having brought surgeons on board) he offered a cessation of hostilities, and wrote to the Governor to that effect. The Danes were so sensible of the humanity and generosity of Lord NELSON, that they received him with shouts of applause. The Prince *Royal shewed him the* highest marks of respect, and the dispute between the nations *was soon after terminated.*

Sacred to Heaven, still live the deathless fame,
Where piety refin'd the ardent flame;
Where mercy found a shrine within the breast,
And conquer'd lands, the conqueror confest.
Such are the triumphs of a noble heart,
So bright the lustre of a virtuous part;
Nor can the gilded glare of vice refin'd
Purchase one moment of approving mind:
And not one sorrow, man is doom'd to know,
But yields, when virtue ministers to woe.

Once more the favour'd Chief's undaunted heart,
Enjoys those joys, from which he's doom'd to part,
Basks in the sunshine of the nation's pride,
And floats, the sport of life's eventful tide.
But still his anchor's hope, his compass heaven,
And all his fate, obeys the mandate given.
As brightest noon oft sinks in sudden night,
And funeral torches shed a parting light,

As summer's suns, eclips'd ere middle way,
Spread o'er the heart a withering dismay;
So human glories fade to darkest gloom,
So life's swift torches, light but to the tomb:
And once eclips'd, the sun of mortal eyes,
No more mid mortal elements can rise,
But mix'd with kindred nature, seeks the skies.

Again the weeping muse, with faltering tongue,
Scarce breathes the tristful subject of her song;
Once, and no more, the scourge of hostile hosts,
Holds in extensive thrall, the hostile coasts:
War in his eye, but mercy at his breast,
He starts from ease, and hurries to be blest.
Mysterious nature, in the noblest heart,
Wakes in some throb, or struggles in some part;
Tho' valour's soul impel the purple tide,
And virtue's self o'er all the soul preside;

Yet nature still asserts a mother's claim,
Still thrills in sacred shudderings thro' the frame;
And tho' the sun of glory brightest shine,
Man is but mortal, tho' his soul's divine.

As he, who urg'd by a mysterious cause,*
Confess'd the sympathies of nature's laws,
And robb'd the midnight of his brother's rest,
While the dark presage hung upon his breast;
Or he, who met at Phillippi his fate †
When the guant spectre warn'd, with martial state;
So tho' the boldest virtue fence the heart,
Nature is vulnerable, still in part,
And Death is felt, or ere he flings his dart. ‡

* The Princes of Lichstenstein, John and Charles, one of whom came to his brother's tent, in the dead of the night, previous to the battle in which he fell. Being repulsed by his brother, who made light of his anxieties, he retired; but again returned, fully possessed with the presentiment of his approaching fate.

† It would be a kind of affront, even to school boys, to give the name of that man who stabbed Cæsar, in the Capitol.

‡ *The glorious* NELSON seemed to feel this presentiment, when he gave his

A virtuous nation, led by heaven's controul,
Shall rule supreme, while worlds of waters roll;
A virtuous Hero yields his fate to heaven,
Conquering in death, his life to duty given:
With Britain's mandate, Britain's sons comply,
And for their duty, Britons nobly die.*

Now droops the muse! her eloquence is vain,
Descriptive powers can but prolong the pain:
High on the prow, the British Hero stood,
And with a look, he seem'd to check the flood,
Cheer'd with his smile, with his warm plaudits charm'd,
Transfus'd his soul, and duller natures warm'd.
As a new Neptune, on his naval car,
Enshrin'd, mid shining attributes of war;

own serious directions, relative to the solemn and lamented occasion of the nation's sorrow. The King, the Nation, the Religion mourn. Lord NELSON himself ordered the necessary preparations for his coffin, which was made out of part of the mast of the L'Orien.

* *The last signal given* by order of Lord NELSON, was, "England expects every *man shall do his duty.*"

O'er subject Tritons seems to wave the wand,
And hold the whirlwinds in one great command.
As Juno's son, when thickest thunders rage,
Rushes mid death, a deadly fight to wage,
While jarring elements, discordant flung
O'er the wide vault, a horrid tumult rung;
While nature struggles thro' the fatal strife
Of mingled waves, and flames, and death, and life;
E'en so the chief; he look'd, he seem'd on fire,
And his bright actions, kindred souls inspire;
While faithful victory woos him from above,
And humbled nations, own his country's love.
The tides of human fortune seem to flow,
But Heaven alone, directs our course below:
He who went forth, with glory's prosperous gale,
And gain'd Trafalgar's point, with swelling sail,
Mid the fierce glories of tremendous fight,
Felt the deep shades of death involve his sight;

And while the brightest victory bless'd his arms,
Confess'd the victor death, and death's alarms.
The will of Heaven be done, the Hero cried,*
The will of Heaven still breath'd while nature sigh'd:
Resign'd, the noble Chief, receives his doom,
And mortal glory sinks into the tomb.

When human greatness fades, and virtue dies,
And suffering nature mourns her wounded ties,
Let nobler reason pause upon the strife,
And mark, how brief the lamp which lights up life.
Now burning bright, with youth's impatient ray;
Now blazing steady, in the noon of day;
Now yielding sober light of silent eve,
When the heart learns to feel, and feels to grieve;

* The last words of the noble and virtuous NELSON, were, he felt he had done his duty, and was prepared; he enquired to the last how many ships had struck to His Majesty's squadron, and being answered, fifteen, he thanked God. He said he would have wished to breathe his last at home, in England, at Merton. He breathed his last at home, in duty,—he died in England's Victory, and though dead, *he lives at Merton Abbey.*

And now with dying glance, and feeble gleam,
Shedding around, a visionary dream;
Breaking in light, or deep'ning into gloom,
Till the last sparkle, points but to the tomb.
Such is the gradual tenor of our life,
When no rude hand provokes the hostile strife;
When no immediate stroke, by heaven sent,
Reclaims those gifts, which heaven's mercy lent;
When not eclips'd, the sun of mortal ray
Guides his tired coursers to the eve of day.
But lo! Religion, bending from the skies,
Tears on her breast, but heaven in her eyes,
Proclaims, the glorious dead shall live again,
Proclaims, that human pageantry is vain;
While strive the poets, with the painter's art,
The Hero's shrine, is every noble heart:
And while we mourn, the pride of Britain dead,
Eternal laurels blossom round his head.

And now behold, the enhearsing vessel rides
No more the joyful mistress of the tides;
Heavy she rolls, and spreads a partial night,
Involv'd in shade, and dim sepulchral light;
Loose, on the wave reclin'd, the British pride,
Moans on the breeze, and murmurs o'er the tide:
While the sad sharers of a mutual grief,
Find in their mutual sorrows, best relief.
While the ship heav'd, as burthen'd with her woe,
And sleep, with tear-wet wings, descended slow;
While the night wore, and drowsy lullings stole
O'er the lone helmsman's all unconscious soul,
Deep sounds arose from ocean's wide domain,
And new-waked heaven, return'd the sounds again;
The shuddering waters to their centre shrink,
And now the stars, with hasten'd progress sink;
Voices submarine, as of torrents, roar,
And distant billows, lash the distant shore;

Winds answer winds, and sweeping as they rise,
Curl the vast waves, and dash them to the skies:
The trembling helmsman, doubts he sees aright,
While still new wonders, burst upon his sight.
He sees, or seems to see, with deep amaze,
Britannia thron'd, amid her watery ways;
Her conquering banners, to the winds unfurl'd,
Proclaim her mistress of the foaming world;
Or when it ebbs, or when it flows, she rules,
And led by heaven, the various ocean schools.
Now, as he gaz'd, scarce conscious of the sight,
He saw the late lost Hero of the fight;
He thought he saw him, as he wont to smile,
And fond ideas, all his thoughts beguile;
But o'er his smile, a shrouding veil was hung,
And to the ear, the distant knell was rung:
Mighty in death, august the Hero shone,
And even in death, asserts the naval throne.

Britannia rules! and still shall rule the waves!
Nor can the sons of Britain, e'er be slaves.
Irene next, array'd in tender green,
Pour'd a soft verdure o'er the watery scene;
Marshall'd her bands, of fresh and blooming youth,
And seal'd the faithful promise of their truth:
While Britain grasps Irene's offer'd hand,
And quells the threat'nings of an adverse land.*
High mid the clouds, reflected on the skies,
The various pomps of victories arise;
Britannia's, Scotia's, and Irene's train,
Pass o'er the heaven, and sink into the main.

* Charles James Fox, (who has often been stiled the Friend of the People) in a late speech, expressed himself as follows:—"Defended at sea, by our navy, and at home, by a numerous and brave army, backed by a gallant and loyal population, I see nothing to fear in the issue of a final contest, even on English ground; and if I look to Ireland, I see there a population of as brave and loyal people as on earth, who, if measures be but adapted to conciliate their feelings and attachment, would give to His Majesty, a source for recruiting his armies, unequalled (for the same number of æras) in the dominions of any Prince in Europe."

It should be remembered also, the late loyal resolutions, and spirited conduct of *the Catholics, as well as* Protestants of Ireland.

Next, in the watery mirror of the waves,
The Austrian rose, and points to Austrian graves:
Still with Britannia's fate, his fate unites,
And nation, still for nation, boldly fights.
Descendant of the throne, whose crown resign'd,*
Declar'd the dictates of immortal mind;
Britannia shared with Austria, former fame,
Yet Britain stands alone, a noble name!
Singly sufficient! led by heaven's commands,
Mid impious, coward, and perfidious bands;
Still, still she smiles, while native virtue fires,
And still, mid native strength, her soul retires,
Now Austria fades, retiring from the view,
And yields to forms, as fleeting, and as new;
For now, from regions, where the polar star
Sheds his pale lustre o'er the frozen war,

* Charles V. of Germany, who resigned the Empire of Germany and Spain between his brother, Ferdinand, and his son, Philip II. the same Philip of Spain, *who was married to* our Mary, daughter of Henry VIII.

A hero comes! whose strong and native fires,
Lighting to conquest, point to great desires;
Sprung from a race, whose first and greatest name,*
Sought, mid Britannia's sons, a future fame;
His floating banners, as they fade to sight,
Leave on the hemisphere, a northern light.
Britannia now, amid her watery plain,
Spreads her fair arms, the empress of the main;
Unfolds her parent bosom to the scene,
And calls her sons from glory's varied reign.
She waves her hand, and lo! as in a glass,
Behold, the heroes of the main shall pass.
But now are heard, the sounds of naval war;
Sounds, as of Tritons warlike conchs, from far;

* The Czar, Peter the Great, of Russia. It is well known that the Conqueror of the North, he who was victorious over Charles XII. of Sweden, at the famous battle of Pultowa, spent some time in England, incognito, learning from the *English how to build*, work, and manage ships; wisely by that means preparing for *his nation and people*, the principles on which he afterwards founded his navy.

oam follows foam, and mist to mist succeeds,
nd mimic ages shew, and mimic deeds.
'ow Neptune rides triumphant o'er the main,
/hile sportive dolphins, lash the briny plain;
'roudly they lash the waves, whose foaming spray,
lid show'rs translucent, heaven's bright bow display:
'he monarch smiles, and ocean smiles around,
Vhile o'er Britannia's brows, his wreaths are bound.
Now earlier ages, throng upon the sight,
?assing they melt, dissolving into light;
Spreading around, a visionary ray
Of triumphs won, in Britain's early day.
And now matured, the British glories rise,
And bear thick honours, spreading to the skies;
While fame still follows on the British name,
And British valour, gives new voice to fame:
Still, still they rise, with various ensigns drest,
And still, a nation's glory fires their breast.

Some mid the train, betray a shadowy gloom,
And bear faint torches, o'er an imaged tomb;
Yet still superior to the fate of death,
Lives, the fair fame, in honour's fairest wreath.

But now behold, the nation's rising pride,
Like ocean's sons, embrace the blushing tide;
Bright o'er their brows are seen, the native fires,
While the young heart, to martial fame aspires;
Around their heads, the youthful honours cling,
And long to twine with laurels, as they spring;
Britannia smiles, on the long lengthen'd line,
Proclaims, that Britain's charter is divine,
And heaven, earth, and ocean, in glad triumph join.

Now soften'd o'er the soul, the visions fade,
And break, and melt, and mingle into shade;
For now the orient morn's uncurtain'd eye,
Spreads in soft glories, over earth and sky;

And now the fresh'ning breeze of day awakes,
And curling foam, around the vessel breaks:
The helmsman, starting from his mystic dream,
Gazes, in doubt, and lingers on the theme.

Ye Britons, ye the partners of his fame,
Whose proudest feelings hang on NELSON's name,
Cherish the rising glory of the land,
And rally, all ye youths, round victory's stand.*
As the famed bird, renown'd in poet's lay,
Proceeds from death, and flutters into day;
Forth from the parent ashes, beauteous born,
And glowing, with the colours of the morn;

* The present critical and awful situation in which Great Britain stands, almost alone, amid an host of foes, must light new fire, and wake new energy in every virtuous breast. The secret assassin of nations lays in wait for our lives, and lurks with a ravening, though insidious policy, to snatch from Britain every foreign hold or prop of friendship and alliance, that when Britannia, like a deserted matron, looks wistful over the unfriendly waste, the hand of the usurper may find more sure her unprotected heart; but, blessed be God, we have still new heroes, who, with heaven's aid, will themselves become the shield and buckler of the favoured land,—they will cluster round, and shelter with their lives. "Then rally, all ye youths, *round victory's stand.*"

So youthful glories o'er a nation shine,
And burn with fires, as from a Phœnix shrine:
So a dead chief lives conquests o'er and o'er,
And heroes rise, where heroes set before.

For you, ye faithful sharers of his toils,
Whose labours sought the sweet reward of smiles;
For you the faithful muse, with partial care,
Turns towards heaven, and breathes a pious prayer.
May ev'ry generous son of Britain's waves,
Acknowledge Him, who mid the tempest saves. *
And in the sacred charge, the country's care,
Still may he bravely fight, and boldly dare;
Still may each valiant arm, new laurels twine
Around the crown, whose title is divine: †

* Those, the venturous votaries, who follow the great wonders of mysterious nature, even to the sanctum of her most awful rites; where the fierce tempests rage—the maddening billows break; where the remorseless whirlpool wheels; where towers the fatal column, big with death; where the insidious rocks spread a wide horror round; and where but one plank divides from a wild waste, which opens on eternity! "*Those men see the* works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

† *This prayer of the* muse has already been, in part, fulfilled, and is every day fulfilling; *example, the late* victory of Admiral Duckworth.

Be still the British nation prompt to save,*
Be Britons ever just, and ever brave,
And rule Britannia ever o'er the wave.

But should temptation press upon your way,
Think on your chief, and spurn a guilty sway;
He, from his seat, uplifted mid the skies,
Beholds Britannia's sons, with watchful eyes;†
And while their glories, led by virtue, roll,
A NELSON's fame shall settle on their soul.

* British hearts are ever brave and merciful, dispising danger and even life, in the cause of glory or humanity: It may be remembered, that when the combined fleets of France and Spain lay before Gibraltar, when the veteran Governor Eiliott poured the memorable red hot balls upon the foe, several of the enemy's ships burst into flames, and dismay with despair were the inevitable consequences; universal terror prevailed amongst the burning ruins, and some French ships struggled between the dreadful contention of the flames and waves; cries of distress were heard, when the brave and generous Curtis, (then a Capt. in the British fleet) flung himself into a boat, with a few bold followers, and hastened to the assistance of the unhappy enemy: the virtuous effort succeeded, and he bore away triumphant, the sufferers from amid the fire of devouring flames, the crash of crackling timber, and the imminently impending fate which hung over them.

† To the warm and affectionate hearts of our British tars, it must be a pleasing and inspiring idea, to consider themselves as observed by the friendly eye of departed glory and *virtue; and to* the generous mind, might prove a strong incitement to every *noble exertion.*

Full of the Hero's praise, the monarch glows,
While from his heart, the tender tribute flows;
Proud, mid his tears, to boast so fair a fame,
His grateful tears embalm the Hero's name.

And now the sovereign, to his people's view,
Fulfils the debt of glorious tribute due;
And while the solemn dirge awakes the skies,
The hymning voice of sympathy replies;
While slow, the pomp proceeds, in funeral gloom,
Still victory pursues, beyond the tomb:
And while the mimic marble dimly gleams,
The conscious life, as mimic marble seems.*
Thro' mourning multitudes, the pageants move,
And shew the last sad eloquence of love.
Now placed mid Heroes, may the Hero rest,
And bear immortal honours on his breast.

* *The deep and unutterable* sorrow manifested throughout the solemn procession, *struck forcibly to every heart*, while the impressive appearance of the faithful seamen *of the Victory*, spread a sacred beauty over those virtues which outlive the grave.

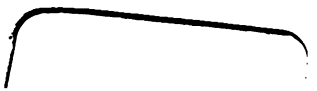
But now the British Monarch, turns with pride
To sons, whom heaven still spares to rule the tide;
Hero on Hero meets the royal smiles,
And royal grace, the nation's grief beguiles.
The British bosom heaves, with struggling breath,
Heaves, emulous of future life and death,—
Avenge his fate! loud echoes o'er the tide;
Avenge his fate! responding shores replied:
While echoing earth and heaven resound again,
That Britain's sons are victors o'er the main.

FINIS.

The noble and virtuous NELSON received at different times, the t
Knight of the Order of the Bath, and Viscount Nelson of the Nile, f
gracious Sovereign.

He received the Order of St. Ferdinand, and also the Dukedom of Bro
the King of Naples.

The order of St. Joachim, from the Emperor Paul, as Grand Maste
Knights of Malta.

The order of the Great Crescent, from the Imperial Sultan, after the
battle of the Nile.

The Dolphin, the Crocodile, and the Sphynx, are given as emblems o
the Hero's victories.